

From the Notes of Javad

...I am not making art – art is making me. This is how it should be...

Tomorrow we'll celebrate the twentieth anniversary of our life together. And I want to say to the world: I met an angel (who got lost in a fog and landed somewhere, where she was not supposed to land). I am old and ill now, subjected myself to be torn apart by forms of art. In art, I am not always just with you. But I always said (you know this): God gave me three miracles – my wife, art and Absheron. I fall to your feet.

January 22, 1980

...I have been searching for the meaning of life since the age of fifteen. I did not want anybody to interrupt me, so I went into the deserts of Absheron. I had my favorite place near Shikh village. The sea was always quiet there, surrounded by tall, dry and pockmarked mountains with cracked rocks. This is a unique place, a biblical place with its mountains, spacious sea, unbounded cupola of sky, organic peace, absence of human beings – walk around, sit down, lie down and think, think, think under the whisper of sea waves, contemplate over the surrounding environment and again think, think, think!

...In my paintings I reflect the greatness of our wonderful human soul, as well as the baseness, cowardice and human sins. In spite of any deprivations, I aspire to achieve the meaning of life through self-expression – this is my main credo.

...Compassion penetrates the soul and we break into vehement pleas and fall on our knees before God. We ask Him to forgive us, just like the Prodigal Son of Rembrandt. We feel the greatness of our Father – God, and we pacify our rebellious spirit pleading Him to forgive us. We understand that he never left us, and that he was always with us. We are ready to part with life - with peace in our souls we feel our involvement in all of life's manifestations, just like Beethoven expressed it in his Ninth Symphony.

...Everything new takes root with great difficulty – there are plenty examples to prove this...

...I admire Buddha's words: "The greatest victory is when everybody wins"...

The themes of my paintings:

The cataclysms of prehistoric times, the creation of the worlds, the death of galaxies, Fate, the spirit that infiltrates the Universe, the comprehension of the world's harmony, the birth of stars, the essence - all of this is being expressed by means of anthropomorphic and zoomorphic images and allegory; happiness and unhappiness, joy and grief, whirlpools of life, the greatness of prophets, and the baseness of prophets, the jolliness of everyday reality, buffoonery at bazaars, masters and slaves, occupations, threats of global war, a light of hope, wind whistling behind a window, love, orgasm, mental decay, the fool singing on a roof, lions bellowing, and women crying – overwhelmed by feelings, the misery of days and miserable people, greatness and oblivion.

...My paintings have been exhibited very seldom and only in Baky, and always small size tableaux. For five years I appeal to the Azerbaijan Artists Union, the Ministry of Culture and the Central Committee of the Azerbaijan Communist Party to organize my personal exhibition, but without success.

1985

...now we are old and we can clearly see who is doing what. These humbuggers are acting as if they are not from this world. But Nietzsche said: "Don't listen to these babble mouths, but see how they live and what they live for".

...Picasso – a grandiose avant-garde artist. There will be no end to his inventions – he is a bottomless pit, still not fully tapped by the artists. None of the contemporary artists neglected Picasso. I discovered his comprehension of color in "Les Femmes d'Alger" as well as his so-called improvised copies from Velasquez, Poussin, Delacroix, Courbet, Manet etc. their images, organization, plastics and the rhythm of his color relations. His images and spirit, his construction of landscapes, still life, portraits, shadow and light in engravings – the uninhibited interaction of color, lines and composition in Cubism. He is the Paganini of drawing. He could stand against the etchings of Rembrandt and later Goya.